



Kindred.

Our own, our own. Time's heavy hand strikes hard. Absence lends fatal strength to circumstance; Old paths by slow forgetfulness are barred; Old sympathy is chilled by cruel chance. New loves shine down the fairy dreams we saw: New friendships early vows obliterate; Till half the happy buds, our childhood's law, Fade for the waning life, or soon or late. Yet touch a chord by kindred feeling known, Call on an echo deep in kindred heart, Blood will assert an innate power its own. And wake the spirit for the champion's part. Our own, our own. God-given, holy chain, Linked as mere babies on our mother's knee, Soldered by mutual hope and joy and pain, Reaching from birth unto eternity.

THE WINDS OF THE WEST.

Summer was a mushroom city which had sprung up on the banks of a ravine that cut through the western bluffs of the Missouri. In a thicket of oak saplings, high up on the side of one of those bluffs, stood a hastily built house, sided with rough, upright cottonwood boards—as are many of its Western neighbors—a rusty stove-pipe sticking through the roof; a small window, curtained by a scalloped-edge newspaper, and a white door taken from a sunken steambot, whose nicely finished panels contrasted strangely with its surroundings, completing the exterior.

One pleasant May evening, just as the shrill whistle of a steambot echoed among the hills, this door was opened by a pleasant young woman, who was followed by a crying child. "O Sammy, quit your noise; that's pappy's little man; see the great big boat 'way yonder"—lifting him up; "don't you see? Look right sharp now, close ag'in the bank. Does Sammy want to go down town and see the big boat, and see pappy? That will be the best thing for you; but the mother cried, "Wait a bit, and mammy'll pack Sammy," and, tying on a pink sunbonnet, she took him in her arms and started down the steep, crooked path.

It was a picturesque scene that lay before her. The sunlight, sifting through the trees that covered the western hills, glistened the windows here and there and reached, like a golden bar, just across the top of the forest on the lowest eastern shore. Scattered through the hollow and up the sides of the bluffs were divers houses, from the pretentious Gothic dwelling on the northern hill and the brick business houses down street, to log cabins and cottonwood shanties; while the road that wound up the bed of the ravine was lined with a long, white train of Denver-bound freight-wagons.

She reached the steep main street to find it filled with wagons that had been turned crosswise of the street to rest the teams. But edging her way close to the clay bank, she reached the river just as the steamer was leaving the wharf. The snorting of the engine and the shouting of the deck-hands, together with the puffing of the mill near by, were too much for baby braver and Sammy's lips began to quiver. Catching him in her arms, his mother sat down on a saw-log, saying, "There, there, honey, don't be afeared; be pappy's man, now."

The tide-waves of the receding boat sank lower and lower on the sand; the gay crowd that leaned over the guards grew indistinct, and she peered more and more eagerly in among the tall cottonwood trees on the opposite shore. At length four men came out of the woods, entering a skiff, started across the river. She watched the skiff anxiously, for it frequently disappeared between the trees which were raised by the strong south wind—such winds belonging as proverbially to Kansas Springs as whooping-cough to children or gapes to chickens.

Four rough-looking men, in red woolen shirts—for lumbermen did not pretend to wear coats, except in the coldest weather—jumped out of the skiff, and, with boisterous laughter and rude jests, entered the mill. Presently one of them spied her, and came towards her, saying boisterously, "Hoorah for you, Nancy! Whatever brought you 'n down 'ere this time of evenin'?" Mighty fine doins, when you oughter be to home gettin' your old man a bite o' supper! Packed that young 'un down town, I'll bet! Reckon you'd as well get back, right quick, now!" He snatched the baby from her and tossed him on his shoulder, shouting, "Hoorah for pappy's man! Peetrest boy in this 'ere town! Mighty proud to see his pap!" Poor Nancy! Her husband was drunk again.

She hurried up the street, pinning her sun-bonnet more closely about her face, that the passers might not see the tears that would come. He had kept sober so long that she had hoped he would come home sober again. She had anticipated so much pleasure on meeting him, after his week's absence. How often she had thought of it in those long, lonely nights, when she had only her thoughts and her child for company.

It took but a few minutes to put supper on the table. Then she sat down on the door-step to watch for her husband, worrying all the time lest he let something happen to Sammy. When at last he came, the effects of the liquor were wearing off, and he ate his supper and smoked his pipe in sullen silence. She could not eat a mouthful, but she dared not let the tears come, for she knew that it would make him angry. So she fed Sammy, laying her face on his little head once in a while to force back the choking lump that kept rising in her throat. Then she hastened to rock him asleep, lest his fretfulness disturb his father.

The first peep of dawn found her busily preparing breakfast, for she knew that John wanted an early start. She found the coffee-mill woke him from his heavy sleep, and he lay quietly watching her by the light of the dim grease lamp, as she moved quickly back and forth from table to stove; from thence to the little row of shelves, in lieu of a cupboard, setting on the dishes, watching the bacon, and taking the crisp corn-dodger from the oven.

"She is a dear, good wife," thought he; "what a scoundrel I was to make her feel so badly." He knew that he had been rough to her the night before. He wished he could remember what he said. Of course, he never got drunk, but he wished he ever could let whisky alone.

His breakfast was just to his liking, and his wife as cheerful as if he was the best man in the world. He wanted to say something pleasant to break the awkward silence, but he did not know how to begin. He had an uncomfortable feeling that he ought to beg her pardon, but, being a man, of course he did not condescend to that. At length he began by saying, "You was right peert about your breakfast this mornin', Nancy."

"Oh, I allowed most likely you'd want to get off soon," she answered. "Yes, Jones wants us these ag'in sun-up. It's only a fifty-log raft; reckon we can get it down to Leavenworth ag'in the night train starts, and I'll get right on, and be back to Acheson afore day. Don't catch me foolin' away another day 'round that old fort."

"Oh, John! I'm so proud"—she paused abruptly, for his eyes dropped with a look of conscious shame. What mood was he in? Would it do to speak then? He had showed a serious, far-away look in his eyes, but nothing sullen or frowning. She went around, and dropping on her knees beside him, slipped her arms about his neck, saying, "Oh, John, I wish you'd promise me you'd never drink no more whisky."

"That's most too hard on a fellow; but I'll promise not to—not drink too much ag'in."

"But I'm afeared that wouldn't do no good."

"You talk like you thought I hadn't sense enough to stop when I've got enough, if I try," he exclaimed. "O John, don't talk so; you know you promised me that nigh onto a year ago; but you think you'll just take one dram, and then just one more, and afore you know it, it's too much. If you'd only promise now that you'd nevertaste nary drop ag'in."

Still he kept his eyes steadily turned away from hers.

"Don't you mind, now," she went on, "how your mother said one time, 'I reckon, Nancy, you count John a mighty rough chap, but he's all right at the core'; and don't you mind how she used to pray for you in them old times? Don't you mind the evening we heard her praying down by the old spring? If she's watching you among the stars, how proud she'd be to hear you promise. And, John," she continued, dropping her voice to a whisper, "I pray, too, sometimes. I haven't never told you, but I've been feeling right serious here of late. I've taken to readin' my Bible, and I've just made up my mind to live better'n I used to; and pray for you, too, and it seems like God hears me." And she laid her head on his shoulder to hide her tears.

His arms slipped around her, but he still kept his eyes turned stubbornly away from hers. At last, laying his face against hers, he spoke earnestly: "Yes, Nancy, I promise."

Presently, starting up, he exclaimed: "If I haven't stayed till plum daylight!"

"O John! come and kiss baby afore you go, he looks so sweet. Sammy, Sammy! wake up, honey, and kiss baby."

Dress of Our Extremities.

During the damp and cold season, says Dio Lewis, deficient dress of the feet and legs is a fruitful source of disease. The head, throat and liver are perhaps the most frequent sufferers. The legs and feet are far from the central part of the body. They are not in great mass, like the trunk, but extended and developed by the atmosphere. Besides, they are near the damp, cold earth. For these and other reasons, they require extra covering. If we would secure the highest physiological conditions, we must give our extremities more dress than the body. We wear upon our legs in the coldest season but two thicknesses of cloth. The body has at least six. Women put on them four thicknesses under the shawl, which, with the various doublings, furnishes several more, then, over all, thick padded furs; while their legs have one thickness of cotton, under a balloon. They constantly come to me about their headache, palpitation of the heart and congestion of the liver. Recently, one said to me, "All my blood is in my head and chest. My head goes bumpety-bump, my heart goes bumpety-bump."

I asked, "How are your feet?" "Chunks of ice," she replied. I said to her: "If you so dress your legs and feet that the blood can't get down into them, where can it go? It can't go out visiting; it must stay in the system somewhere. Of course the chest and head must have an excess of quantity. So they go 'bumpety-bump' and so they must go, until you dress your legs and feet in such a way that they shall get their share of blood." In the coldest season of the year I leave Boston for a bit of a tour before the Icycoms—going as far as Philadelphia, and riding much in the night, without an overcoat; but I give my legs two or three times their usual dress. During the coldest weather, men may wear, in addition to their usual drawers, a pair of chamois skin drawers with great advantage. When we ride in a sleigh, or in the cars, where do we suffer? In our legs, of course. Give me warm legs and feet, and I'll hardly thank you for an overcoat.

My dear madam, have you a headache, a sore throat, palpitation of the heart, congestion of the liver, or indigestion? Wear one, two or three pairs of warm, woolen stockings, and thick, warm shoes, with more or less reduction in the amount of dress about your body, and you will obtain the same relief permanently that you would derive temporarily from a warm foot-bath.

I must not forget to say that a thin layer of India-rubber cement upon the boot-sole will do much to keep the bottom of the feet dry and warm.

Female Heroes.

Two noble women, young and beautiful, named Mattie Stevenson and Lulu Wilkinson, are lying ill of the fever at the Waltham Infirmary, Memphis, the victims of their own disinterestedness and philanthropy. The former, a native of Illinois, was visiting some friends in Bloomington when intelligence that Memphis was in distress reached her. Saying nothing of what she intended to do, she immediately set out for that city, and, reaching it, offered her services to the President of the Howard Association. She was but nineteen or twenty years of age, and inexperienced in such duties as she would have to undertake should her offer be accepted. At first the President was inclined not to accept her services, but she insisted and she was sent to the Lehigh House to await orders. That night a Scotchwoman, ill of the fever, was delivered of a child, and there was no nurse at hand. Dr. Blackburn sent to the Lehigh House for one, and Miss Stevenson volunteered. She nursed the poor patient tenderly until they died, and then went to the aid of others, nursing an old man and woman in Main street who had that very morning taken four orphan children under their protection, two of whom were also now ill. Afterwards she was sent to a house in Sullivan street to take charge of five patients. The severe labor she underwent told upon her system, and she herself was stricken down and taken to the infirmary where she now lies in a critical condition. Miss Wilkinson, an orphan of about the same age as Miss Stevenson, also offered her services to the Howards, was accepted, worked heroically, and now lies tenderly cared for under the same roof as the other lady. She is thought to be out of danger. Other women have performed and are performing similar duties and living up to the highest of woman's rights, a glory and ornament of their sex. Memphis will never forget them.

There was "hurrying to and fro" in Summer that day, for many were left homeless, many bruised and crippled by the storm. And the mourners who wended their way up the long hill to the burying ground were as sad as though the silence had been broken by the tolling of solemn bells.—Kansas Monthly.

What Energy Did.

A correspondent of the New York Sunday News, in his sketches of Ludlow Street Jail, tells the following incident: Three hundred and forty-three thousand seven hundred and fifty-three dollars bail was asked for Marquis de Lafayette Sharkey, the once celebrated tobacco merchant of New York city, who was arrested by his partner for alleging that the assets and stock of the concern had ended in smoke; but it was not given, and Sharkey remained a whole year in Ludlow street jail, when the court of last resort decided he had been most wrongfully imprisoned. In the meantime his business had been entirely ruined and broken up, his wife sent to an asylum as a lunatic, and he financially a bankrupt, for all of which he could obtain no redress except that being an energetic man, he preferred to start in the world anew, rather than put up with the chances of the law's slow delay, and without capital, other than his energy, he set to work, and I am credibly informed that he has "struck life" literally in the Pennsylvania region, and is in a fair way to again become a half a millionaire.

Vagaries of the Law.

"June 14, 1865, James Sheppard, alias Johnson, was tried and convicted in New York, of passing counterfeit money and immediately sentenced to be imprisoned for ten years at hard labor in the State Prison." Such is the entry of that date in the blotter of Ludlow street jail. "I'll never go there! they shall kill me first! I'll kill myself before I'll go there!" and various other exclamations of a similar nature, with Sheppard upon his return from court that day, he, no doubt, being governed in his utterances by his experience of the glorious uncertainties of the law, for this was the Sheppard who was for five years confined in the City Prison upon a charge of arson and wife murder; who was three times tried for murder; twice convicted; and three times sentenced to be executed, and once sentenced to the State Prison for life, but who, during the whole time, never once left his prison to execute either one of the sentences. Once they got him as far as the outer gate, when he kicked up his heels, so that the sheriff concluded to send for his counsel, before forcibly taking him to State Prison. A stay of proceedings was obtained, and the legal road saved him from the gallows in the first place, and then from perpetual imprisonment. He insured a shanty of his, murdered his wife, and made a funeral pile of his shanty and buried his wife's corpse to a crisp; then sued the insurance company for his loss. This was the evidence the Fire Marshal brought out on the several trials, but through all the quibbles of the law he escaped the punishment he so justly deserved.

After his release from the City Prison he would often apply for permission to visit there, his only apparent object being to see in what condition the fellow who occupied his cell kept it. But, at last, he was arrested for passing counterfeit United States currency, and came up for trial before a court where writes of error and appeals are but little known, and where, for his former career, he would probably have received a much lighter sentence, so that his great crime may be considered in a measure punished by the penalty inflicted upon him for the lesser one.

Wearing Flannels.

The value of flannel next the skin cannot be overrated, says Dio Lewis. It is invaluable to persons of both sexes, and all ages, in all countries, in all climates, at every season of the year, for the sick and the well—in brief, I cannot conceive of any circumstances in which flannel next the skin is not a comfort and a source of health. It should not be changed from thick to thin before the settled hot weather of the summer, which in the Northern States is not much before the middle of June, and often not before the first of July. And the flannels for the summer must not be three-quarters cotton, but they must be all woolen, if you would have the best protection.

In the British army and navy they make the wearing of flannel a point of discipline. During the hot season the ship's doctor makes a daily examination of the men at unexpected hours to make sure that they have not left off their flannels.

Pay as you Go.

John Randolph once ejaculated, in his shrill tones, while a member of the House of Representatives: "Mr. Speaker, I cry Eureka, for I have found the philosopher's stone. It is—Pay as you go!" The example of the French is given as a case in debt, and the French, who never go in debt, and who have been saving money since the days of the first Napoleon, have become the richest people in the world, which seems proved by the fact that the German indemnity of a thousand millions of dollars, which they were obliged to pay, has been all discharged in two years, while we have been struggling for eight years with twice as much. Perhaps the wealth of the French farmers arises as much from the small farm system and the high cultivation they give the soil. There is a vast difference between farming in a loose way and having all work done in the best manner.

Strong Description.

The following strong figure of speech was used to illustrate the great size of America to a foreigner by his brother, who could not make up his mind about emigrating: "Where did the bacey come from! why, from Meriky, where else? that sent us the finest petaty. Long life to it for both, says I!" "What sort of a place is that, I wonder?" "Meriky! They tell me it's mighty sizable. I'm tould that you might roll England through it, an' it would hardly make a dint in the ground. There's a fresh-water ocean inside of it that you might thrown Ireland in, and save Father Mathew a wonderf' sight of trouble; and as for Scotland, you might stick it in a corner of one of their forests, an' you'd never be able to find it, except it might be by the smell of the whisky!"

A DREADFUL STORY.—A small boy has sent us the following information: "A f' dais ago we lost our cat. She got drowned in Mr. —'s well; but nobody knowd she got drowned in the well and so Mr. —'s fokes and Mr. —'s fokes, and all the nabors besides, drinked outen the well just the same. The drinked more'n the ev'rid afore I ges—cause the water tasted so sweet. I went the well fur water tother da I went the cat in the well. She was ded. She was afloatin a round drown ed. Me and Billy—flist her up with a hook and line. She smelt orful. But the nabors doant drink any more water outen the well now. Wat I cant undrestand is whi the doant. The ougthen B moar willin 2 drink the water wen the cat is out than wen she is in. I think so. ures treoly. N. B. this is A tru fack."

A Brave School Girl.

How Gen. M'Mahon of France found his Wife.

It was on the 1st of December, 1838, at an advanced hour of the night, that a fire broke out in the female seminary of Limoges. The flames spread with such rapidity that the fair young inmates could be rescued only with the utmost difficulty. At last, when all of them were believed to be assembled, shivering in their thin night dresses, in front of the burning edifice, the cry sounded suddenly: "Louise de Bailly is still in the building!"

The lookers-on stood as if petrified, and the frames did not venture to enter the house, which now looked like a fiery furnace. Poor Mademoiselle de Bailly was already given up as hopelessly lost, when all of a sudden a tall young girl, with her blonde hair hanging loose over her shoulders, and her deep blue eyes flashing out the heavenly fire of inspiration and indomitable courage, rushed from among her terrified sisters, and exclaiming, "I will try to find her!" ran toward the burning building.

A thousand voices shouted, "Do not risk your life thus foolishly!" Others prayed for "dear Heloise," who thus recklessly risked her own life in order to save that of one of her young classmates. But none of the warning exclamations deterred the heroic girl from her purpose. In a few seconds she had entered the front-door, undaunted by the blinding smoke and the flames that were momentarily gaining ground.

For the spectators of this thrilling scene this was a moment of supreme suspense. The strongest hearts quailed when the heroic girl did not immediately return. A minute, nay, two, elapsed, and minutes under such circumstances are eternities. . . . But all at once her white night gown appeared in the door. . . . Yes, it was she; and by the hand she led the missing, terrified Louise de Bailly. . . . Such a shout went up from the hearts of the relieved crowd! Such praises as were showered upon the brave young girl!

But she herself was half ashamed of being thus feted. "Mon Dieu!" she exclaimed, "it was easy enough for me to ascend that stairway; it was not yet on fire. Only the smoke troubled me a little. Had I waited a minute longer, poor little Louise would have been lost."

At the reopening of the seminary, a few months later, M. Barreguin asked Mademoiselle Heloise to step forward, and presented her in the name of King Louis Philippe, a handsome gold medal for saving a human life, and praised her courage and devotion in eloquent terms of enthusiasm.

The girl thus honored blushed deeply, and when the hall in which the opening ceremonies were held resounded with heart-felt applause, Mademoiselle Heloise was more confused than at that memorable moment when she had rushed into the flames.

Among the spectators on this occasion was a young officer of the garrison of Limoges, who seemed to be deeply interested in the heroine of the day. He asked what her full name was, and was told that she was the daughter of M. Antoine Gilbert de Morin, Seigneur de Vallean.

This information made the inquirer somewhat thoughtful. Perhaps the fact that M. De Morin was one of the wealthiest and proudest noblemen of the surrounding country had something to do with this.

Items of Interest.

The Pope is now in excellent health, and holds daily receptions. A Minnesota man has become insane from the excessive use of tobacco. By the burning of a shanty in Toledo, Ohio, three persons lost their lives. It is now asserted that within eleven weeks 1,500 persons died of the yellow fever in Memphis.

Mrs. Virginia L. Minor, of St. Louis, indignantly refuses to pay taxes unless she is allowed to vote. A lady reporter sent to an agricultural fair wrote of a lot of pigs: "They look too sweet to live a minute."

A Wisconsin man has had to have his lip amputated on account of a cancer produced by excessive smoking. No Saratoga hotel except Congress Hall paid expenses this last season. Stewart's grand house lost \$80,000.

Naturalists, after years of investigation of the anatomy and morphology of eels, have discovered that they are of no sex. A prudent gentleman, unwilling to accuse a neighbor of lying, said he learned the truth with penurious frugality.

Cairo has only two policemen, and these spend half the time fighting to see who shall be chief and who the "force." A Kansas paper says: The gay, jumping grasshopper, the brown-colored grasshopper, the cussed old grasshopper, is here.

A gentleman once met a very quiet newboy selling newspapers. "Is there any news?" inquired the gentleman. "Lots o' news," replied the boy, "but nothin' to holler." The granges of the States of the Mississippi valley, lately in session at Keokuk, decided to establish a system of agricultural statistics in every State in the Union.

"I declare, mother," said a pretty little girl, in a pretty little way, "his too bad! You always send me to bed when I am not sleepy, and you always make me get up when I am sleepy!" Mrs. Patterson, daughter of Andy Johnson, and who was mistress of the White House while that gentleman was President, has been awarded the premium for the best butter at a Tennessee fair.

A match at chess for \$10,000 a side has been made between Dick Pearce and Mr. Gallagher, of Austin, Nev. Five thousand dollars a side forfeit has been put up, and the match will come off six weeks from next Christmas.

The farmers in Illinois are running the thing on an economical plan. At one of their conventions in Effingham county they made the candidates pledge themselves to perform the duties of their offices at \$1,200 each, and furnish their own assistants.

At Clerkenwell Police Court, in England, a few days since, the manager of the Newcastle Colliery Company was convicted of having knowingly sold an inferior quality of coals for a good one. He was fined £10 and costs, with the alternative of one month's imprisonment. An exchange says: "Out of seven hundred and fifty redingotes seen upon the street, only three were of a style or quality that did not disgrace the wearer. Yet they are fashionable and homely, and can be made expensive—three things that commend them to a majority of the sexes." The sardine fisheries in France at present employ 20,000 sailors and some 18,000 men, women, and children on land to prepare the fish for market. It seems that the catch is now diminishing every year, and the almost complete failure of the fish may be anticipated at no remote period. Professor Hitchcock states that the total area of the coal fields of the United States amounts to 280,659 miles, besides the strata which belong to other formations than the carboniferous, as for instance those of Virginia, of the territories west of the Missouri river, and those in California. England has received news of the departure from Australia of a ship loaded with meat preserved fresh by a new invention. It is simply laid in a great iron tank, on the lid of which rests a quantity of artificial ice frozen much harder than the common natural ice. This ice, which costs \$25 a ton, so freezes the meat that decomposition is said to be impossible. Postmaster Burt gave a lecture on the postal service at Boston last week, and illustrated the proverbial carelessness of letter writers by showing his audience two hundred letters taken in the office the previous day, which were not properly prepaid or directed, and two hundred and fifty postal cards with all sorts of messages on the backs, but not a sign of a direction on the face. So numerous are the mosquitoes in some localities of South America, that the wretched inhabitants sleep with their bodies covered with sand three or four inches deep, the head only being left out; which they cover with a cloth; and travelers have been obliged to have recourse to the same expedient. Even thick clothes afford at best a very partial protection, being readily penetrated with the sharp proboscis of the insect. According to a writer in the Popular Science Monthly, a house should be so placed that the direct rays of the sun can have free admission into the living apartments, because the sun's rays impart a healthy and invigorating quality to the air, and stimulate vitality of human beings as they do those of plants, and without sunlight human beings, as well as plants, would sicken and die. The aspect, therefore, should be south-east. It appears that young Leggett, who fell down a precipice at Cornell University and was killed, was put through an initiation into the mysteries of the Kappa Alpha fraternity, and was blindfolded at the time. The sad accident in itself, of course, proves nothing as to the wisdom or folly of the proceedings, but it does indicate that they were conducted with inexcusable carelessness. To grope about precipice fifty feet high could hardly have been meant for a joke.